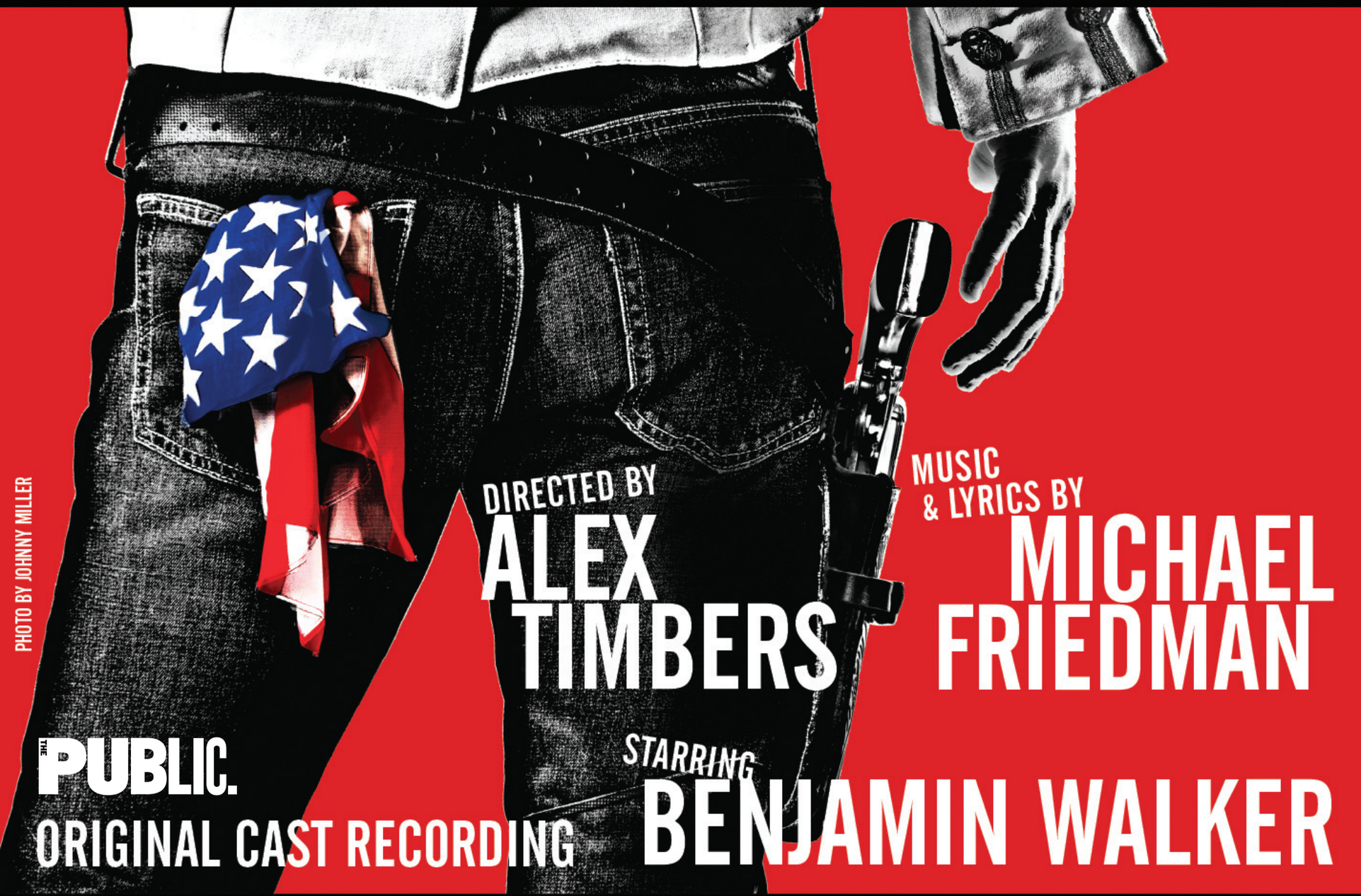
BLOODY BLOODY



DIRECTED BY
ALEX TIMBERS

MUSIC & LYRICS BY
MICHAEL FRIEDMAN

PHOTO BY JOHNNY MILLER

THE PUBLIC.

ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING

STARRING
BENJAMIN WALKER

ANDREW JACKSON

THE PUBLIC THEATER | OSKAR EUSTIS Artistic Director | ANDREW D. HAMINGSON Executive Director

and Center Theatre Group
in association with Les Freres Corbusier
Present

BLOODY BLOODY ANDREW JACKSON

Written and Directed by **ALEX TIMBERS**
Music and Lyrics by **MICHAEL FRIEDMAN**

With **RIVER AGUIRRE, JAMES BARRY, MICHAEL CRANE, MICHAEL DUNN, GREG HILDRETH, JEFF HILLER, LUCAS NEAR-VERBRUGGHE, MARIA ELENA RAMIREZ, KATE CULLEN ROBERTS, BEN STEINFELD, BENJAMIN WALKER, COLLEEN WERTHMANN, EMILY YOUNG**

Scenic Design **DONYALE WERLE**
Costume Design **EMILY REBHOLZ**
Lighting Design **JUSTIN TOWNSEND**
Sound Design **BART FASBENDER**
Music Director **JUSTIN LEVINE**
Choreographer **DANNY MEFFORD**
Fight Director **JACOB GRIGOLIA-ROSENBAUM**
Production Stage Manager **ELIZABETH MOREAU**

General Manager
ANDREA NELLIS

Associate Artistic Director
MANDY HACKETT

Associate Producer
JENNY GERSTEN

Director of Development
CASEY REITZ

Director of Marketing
NELLA VERA

Director of Communications
CANDI ADAMS

Casting
JORDAN THALER
HEIDI GRIFFITHS

Director of Capital Projects
ADRIENNE DOBSOVITS

Director of Finance
DANIEL C. SMITH

Director of the Music Theater Initiative
TED SPERLING

Director of Shakespeare Initiative
BARRY EDELSTEIN

Director of Special Projects
MARIA GOYANES

Director of Production
RUTH E. STERNBERG

The world premiere of *Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson* was presented by Center Theatre Group and The Public Theater at the Kirk Douglas Theatre in Los Angeles, CA in January, 2008.

Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson was workshopped at Williamstown Theatre Festival (Roger Rees, Artistic Director).

Developed with the generous support of Thomas Schumacher.

The LuEsther T. Mertz Charitable Trust provides leadership support for The Public Theater's year-round activities.

TRACK LIST

1. **POPULISM YEA YEA** *(Company)*
2. **I'M NOT THAT GUY** *(Benjamin Walker)*
3. **ILLNESS AS METAPHOR** *(Benjamin Walker, Maria Elena Ramirez, Ben Steinfeld, Justin Levine)*
4. **I'M SO THAT GUY** *(Benjamin Walker, Company)*
5. **TEN LITTLE INDIANS** *(Emily Young, Maria Elena Ramirez, Kate Roberts, Colleen Werthmann)*
6. **THE CORRUPT BARGAIN** *(Kate Roberts, Colleen Werthmann, Emily Young, Michael Dunn, Jeff Hiller, Michael Crane)*
7. **ROCK STAR** *(James Barry, Benjamin Walker, Company)*
8. **THE GREAT COMPROMISE** *(Maria Elena Ramirez, Justin Levine, Ben Steinfeld)*
9. **PUBLIC LIFE** *(Benjamin Walker, Company)*
10. **CRISIS AVERTED** *(James Barry, Justin Levine, Company)*
11. **THE SADDEST SONG** *(Benjamin Walker, Ben Steinfeld, Greg Hildreth, Justin Levine)*
12. **SECOND NATURE** *(Justin Levine)*
13. **THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY** *(Company) (lyrics by Samuel Woodworth, Music Anonymous)*

CAST

(alphabetical):

RIVER AGUIRRE AS LYNCOYA
JAMES BARRY AS MALE SOLOIST
MICHAEL CRANE AS CLAY/BLACKHAWK
MICHAEL DUNN AS CALHOUN
GREG HILDRETH AS RED EAGLE
JEFF HILLER AS JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
LUCAS NEAR-VERBRUGGHE AS MARTIN VAN BUREN
MARIA ELENA RAMIREZ AS RACHEL
KATE CULLEN ROBERTS AS ELIZABETH
BEN STEINFELD AS MONROE
BENJAMIN WALKER AS ANDREW JACKSON
COLLEEN WERTHMANN AS THE STORYTELLER
EMILY YOUNG AS FEMALE SOLOIST

BAND

JUSTIN LEVINE – MUSIC DIRECTOR, PIANO & GUITAR, VOCALS
KEVIN GARCIA – DRUMS
CHARLIE ROSEN – BASS, VOCALS
BEN STEINFELD – ADDITIONAL GUITARS
JAMES BARRY – TELECASTER ON "ROCK STAR" & DOBRO ON "CRISIS ADVERTED"

SYNOPSIS

SETTING: A Wild West saloon. Dirt and afterbirth on the ground.

A dozen cowboys and prostitutes clad in filthy 19th century dress form a menacing phalanx - Andrew Jackson at the head. They glare threateningly at the audience. AJ sneers.

"I'm wearing some tight, tight jeans and tonight we're delving into some serious, serious shit. I'm Andrew Jackson. I'm your President. Let's go!"

A cowboy is suddenly thrown through a window. A huge power chord.

"Here's the thing about the Indians." **(Populism Yea Yea)**

As the song finishes, we are greeted by a modern-day, *Puff the Magic Dragon*-style Storyteller wearing a questionable sweater and piloting an electric wheelchair. She clearly loves Andrew Jackson and begins to narrate his life story.

We meet Jackson as a child amongst his family in an idyllic pastoral scene. It's the Tennessee hills – late 18th century American frontier territory. The convivial atmosphere is quickly punctured when Andrew's family members (along with the local shoe cobbler) are one-by-one violently murdered. Surrounded by the dead carcasses of his mom and dad, young Andrew sings about how much his life sucks. **(I'm Not That Guy)**

As we watch him mature over the years, we witness Jackson imprisoned and abused by the British, taunted by dangerous arrow-wielding Indians, and attacked by a pack of robust but effete Spaniards. Through it all, Jackson is resilient, charismatic, and kind of a douche.

Late one night, a teenage Andrew Jackson meets the love of his life, the ever-bosomy Rachel. Even though she's married to another man, they forge their love for each other through libidinous ritualistic bleeding. The bloodletting crescendos in an orgiastic frenzy. **(Illness as Metaphor)**

Their strange coupling is interrupted by news that British, Indian, and Spanish forces are making fresh inroads into American territory lands and the out-of-touch, nascent US government is doing nothing to stop it. Andrew Jackson point-blank shoots the Storyteller in the face and declares it's up to him to do something to change all that. **(I'm So That Guy)**

General Andrew Jackson organizes a ragtag band of frontier ruffian militia men and in spectacular fashion defeats Indian forces all throughout the Southeast. **(Ten Little Indians)** The subsequent Battle of New Orleans, which sends the British packing once and for all, transforms Jackson into a national hero. He decides to run for President in 1824 and, while he experiences a groundswell of popular support, the foppish, doily-wearing Washington elite construct a nefarious plan to rob this "outsider" candidate of the top job. **(The Corrupt Bargain)**

Down but not out, Jackson licks his political wounds for four years back home in Tennessee and then returns to public life stronger than ever. **(Rock Star)** He forms the Democratic Party with a populist anti-establishment platform of reform, and we discover he's developed into an uber-seductive "people's candidate" whom the public feels reflects their everyman values.

The election of 1828 is grueling both publicly and personally, and the publicity-adverse Rachel questions Andrew's commitment to her versus his love for the People. **(The Great Compromise)** A senate panel led by Henry Clay investigates Jackson's past wrongdoings and accuses him of having engaged in bigamy when marrying his wife. These accusations result, somewhat remarkably, in Rachel Jackson dying of grief.

As we learn: *"That's the kind of shit that happened in the 19th century."*

Thus, on the eve of his greatest triumph (he finally wins the election this time), Jackson suffers his greatest tragedy. He vows to use both his election and his wife's death as a mandate to "take this country back." **(Public Life)**

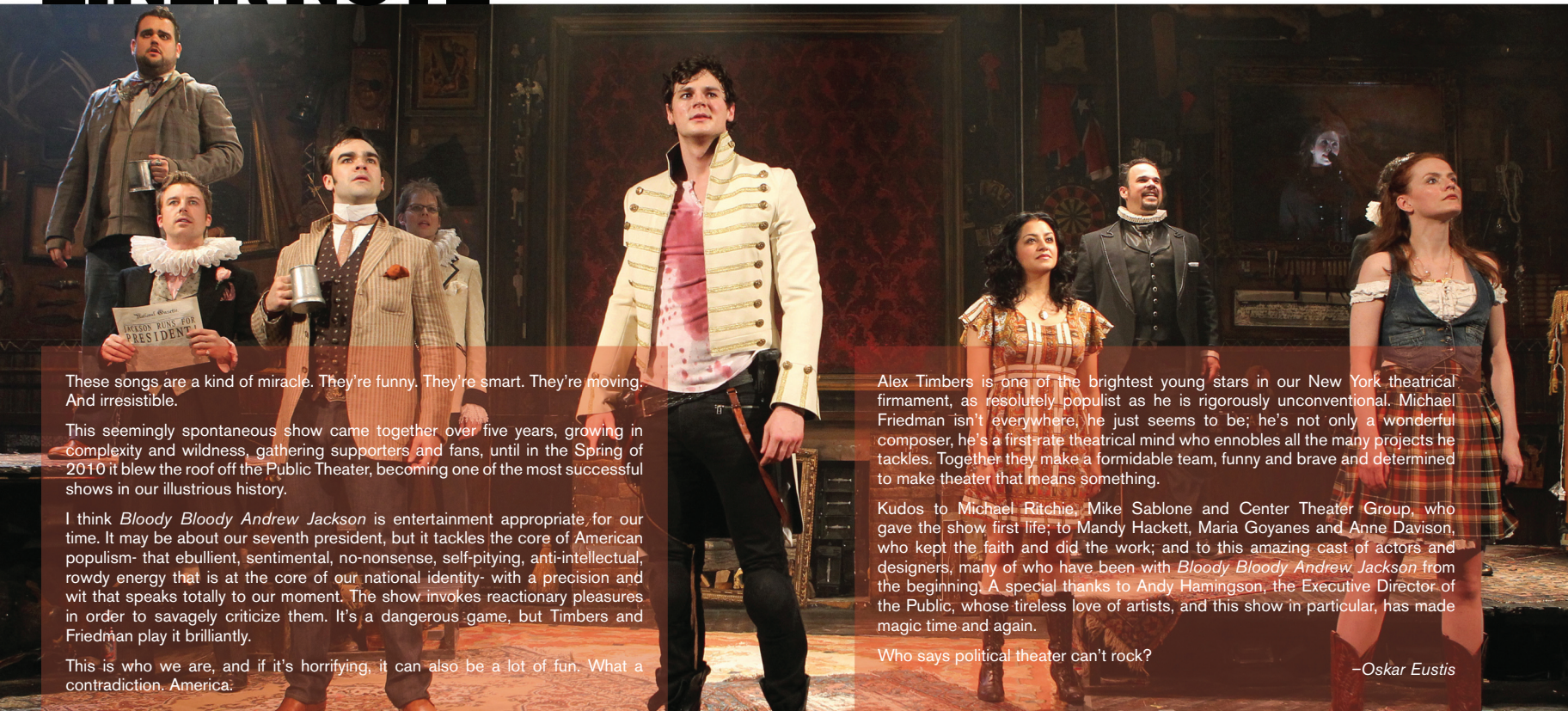
Once in office, Jackson is faced with a raft of problems, ranging from the National Bank to the question of Indian relocation. He decides there will finally be no difference between the governing and the governed and begins polling the People on every decision he makes. This draws the ire of Congress and the Supreme Court and so Jackson chooses to consolidate Executive Power thus making the Presidency the most powerful body in government. At first, his exhilarating cowboy-like governing tactics are met with great enthusiasm by the average citizen but, as the problems grow tougher, the public begins to resent being asked to make the most difficult decisions. **(Crisis Averted)**

As the People gradually turn on him, Jackson takes stock of all that he's lost: his family, his wife, and now the love of the American public. He decides he must take ultimate responsibility for the nation's choices and declares that he alone will be the one to make the unenviable policy decisions regarding the Indians' fate. **(The Saddest Song)** He summons an Indian Chief that was once his friend and implores him to peacefully move his people west of the Mississippi. When more diplomacy and discussion are requested, Jackson violently snaps and decrees that federal troops will forcibly move the Indians west.

The Storyteller, now a ghostly apparition complete with halo and angel wings, wheels back in and explains to the audience that Jackson's legacy today is deemed to be a complicated one – some believe he was one of our greatest Presidents while others believe him to be an American Hitler, due specifically to his treatment of the native population.

Suddenly the show telescopes out and we get a bird's eye view of Jackson's damning legacy and our collective culpability. **(Second Nature)**

LINER NOTE



These songs are a kind of miracle. They're funny. They're smart. They're moving. And irresistible.

This seemingly spontaneous show came together over five years, growing in complexity and wildness, gathering supporters and fans, until in the Spring of 2010 it blew the roof off the Public Theater, becoming one of the most successful shows in our illustrious history.

I think *Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson* is entertainment appropriate for our time. It may be about our seventh president, but it tackles the core of American populism- that ebullient, sentimental, no-nonsense, self-pitying, anti-intellectual, rowdy energy that is at the core of our national identity- with a precision and wit that speaks totally to our moment. The show invokes reactionary pleasures in order to savagely criticize them. It's a dangerous game, but Timbers and Friedman play it brilliantly.

This is who we are, and if it's horrifying, it can also be a lot of fun. What a contradiction. America.

Alex Timbers is one of the brightest young stars in our New York theatrical firmament, as resolutely populist as he is rigorously unconventional. Michael Friedman isn't everywhere, he just seems to be; he's not only a wonderful composer, he's a first-rate theatrical mind who ennobles all the many projects he tackles. Together they make a formidable team, funny and brave and determined to make theater that means something.

Kudos to Michael Ritchie, Mike Sablone and Center Theater Group, who gave the show first life; to Mandy Hackett, Maria Goyanes and Anne Davison, who kept the faith and did the work; and to this amazing cast of actors and designers, many of who have been with *Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson* from the beginning. A special thanks to Andy Hamingson, the Executive Director of the Public, whose tireless love of artists, and this show in particular, has made magic time and again.

Who says political theater can't rock?

–Oskar Eustis

LYRICS

SONG 1

POPULISM YEA YEA

COWBOY #1
Why wouldn't you ever go out with me in school?
You always went out with those guys
Who thought they were so cool
And I was just nobody to you
ENSEMBLE:
Nobody to you
Nobody to you

COWBOY #3
But it's the early nineteenth century
And we're gonna take this country back
For people like us
Who don't just think about things,
People who make things happen
COWBOY #1
Sometimes with guns
COWBOY #4
Sometimes with speeches too

COWBOY #5
And also other things
BANDLEADER
1-2-3-4!

ALL:
Populism, yea, yea!
Populism, yea, yea!
Populism, yea, yea!

Populism, yea, yea!

This is the age of—
This is the age of—
This is the age of Jackson…

COWGIRL #1
Take a stand against the elite
They don't care anything for us
And we will eat sweet democracy
And let them eat our dust
ADD COWGIRL #2:
Eat our dust
ADD COWGIRL #3:
Eat our dust
COWGIRL #2
'Cause it's the early nineteenth century
We'll take the land back from the Indians
COWGIRL #1
We'll take the land back from the French and Spanish
And other people in other European countries
COWGIRL #2
And other countries too
COWGIRL #1
And also other places
COWGIRL #2
I'm pretty sure it's our land anyway

ALL:
Populism, yea, yea!

Populism, yea, yea!
Populism, yea, yea!
Populism, yea, yea!

This is the age of Jackson
This is the age of Jackson
This is the age of Jackson (X3)

SONG 2

I'M NOT THAT GUY

JACKSON
I wish that you were dead
So that I could paint your face a different color.
Who was it that ever said
That my life really couldn't get any duller?
My family's dead
And I can't see a way to carry on.
I'm not that guy.
I'm not that guy.

Life sucks.
My life sucks in particular.
Life sucks.
My life sucks in particular.

When you have no one to show you what to do
How do you find your way?
When the country doesn't have a place for you
How can you have your say?

How can you make them pay?

Those wealthy New England congress-fucks would rather tax us and play polo all day than defend our frontier. No one's gonna do anything about it. Everyone round here's pissed off but no one's takin' a stand. So, I guess, then, that it's… (looks up at audience, a revelation, he whips out a handheld mic) well, I guess then it's up to me!

1-2-3-4!

There's nothing left in this old town.
Pick up your life and move it around.
And what is here for me in Tennessee?
Pick up your rifle and make a stand.
You always said I should be like that guy
But guess what I'm telling you—
I'm not that guy.
I'm not that guy.
Who am I?
I'm Andrew fucking Jackson!

My life sucks in particular.
Life sucks.
My life sucks in particular.

The rain will rain down.

The blood will bleed out.
The sweat will sweat… forth.

How can I be that guy?
How can I be that guy?

SONG 3

ILLNESS AS METAPHOR

BANDLEADER & CITIZEN
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Oh, Andrew Jackson…
Woo-ooo…

RACHEL
A wise woman once wrote
That illness is not metaphor.
So why do I feel sick
When I look at you?

JACKSON
There is this illness in me
And I need to get it out.
So when I bleed—

BANDLEADER & CITIZEN
It's not blood!

It's a metaphor for love!
These aren't veins
It's just the beating of my heart.
This fever isn't real.
It represents how I feel.
My pain transformed into art…

JACKSON
If you feel like you might throw up
Well that's a metaphor for how I feel
When I dream of you
JACKSON & RACHEL
Bathed in your metaphorical blood.
RACHEL
And when the doctor says
You're gonna make it
I tell him why
I'm able to take—

BANDLEADER & CITIZEN
It's not blood!
It's a metaphor for love!
These aren't veins
Just the beating of my heart.
This fever isn't real.
It represents how I feel.
My pain transformed into art.
My pain transformed into art…

CITIZEN
But Susan Sontag's dead.
So I guess her cancer wasn't metaphorical after all…
Sorry.

SONG 4

I'M SO THAT GUY

CITIZEN 1
Sometimes you have to take the initiative.
CITIZEN 2
Sometimes your whole family dies of cholera.
CITIZEN 3
Sometimes you have to make your own story.
CITIZEN 4
Sometimes you have to shoot the storyteller in the neck.
CITIZEN 5
Sometimes you have to take back the country.
CITIZEN 6
Sometimes you have to kill Everyone
ALL
Everyone. (X5)

JACKSON *(to the audience):*
I always thought
I'd never be that guy.
But guess what
I'm telling you…

I always thought
I'd never be that guy.
But guess what
I'm telling you…

I'm so that guy.
I'm so that guy.
I'm so that guy…

Life sucks.
And your life's
Gonna suck universally.
Life sucks.
And your life's
Gonna suck universally.

ENSEMBLE *(overlapping):*
Why wouldn't you ever
Go out with me in school?
Sometimes with guns
Sometimes with speeches too.

Why wouldn't you ever
Go out with me in school?
Sometimes with guns
Sometimes with speeches too.

Sometimes you have to
take the initiative.
Sometimes your whole family
dies of cholera.
Sometimes you have to make
your own story.
Sometimes you have to
Shoot the storyteller in the
neck.
Sometimes you have to
Take back the country.
Sometimes you have to kill
Everyone.
Everyone.

Populism, yea, yea!
populism, yea, yea!

Populism, yea, yea!
populism, yea, yea!

Sometimes with guns!
Sometimes with speeches too!

JACKSON *(screams)*
I will make them all bleed!

SONG 5

TEN LITTLE INDIANS

FEMALE SOLOIST
Ten little Indians
Standing in a line.
One got executed
Then there were nine.

Nine little Indians
Haven't long to wait.
One got syphilis
And then there were eight.

Eight little Indians
Tryin' to get to heaven
One found Jesus
And then there were seven.
Goodnight.
Goodnight. (X5)

Seven little Indians
Playing pick up sticks.
One got burned real bad
And then there were six.

Six little Indians
Tryin' to stay alive.
One didn't do so well
And then there were five.

Five little Indians
Banging on the door.
One got in
And then there were four.
Goodnight.
Goodnight. (X5)

WOMEN
Four little Indians
Hiding in a tree.
One passed out drunk
And then there were three.

Three little Indians
Not much left to do.
One left for Mexico
And then there were two.

Two little Indians
Playing with a gun.
One got shot
And then there was one.
Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Goodnight.

FEMALE SOLOIST
One little Indian.
Nothing to be done.
He went and hanged himself
And then there were none.

SONG 6

THE CORRUPT BARGAIN

WOMAN
And now an explanation of the corrupt bargain that took place in the back halls of Washington while no one was watching…

WOMEN:
Doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.
John Calhoun says…

CALHOUN:
We need to find a scheme to keep the power
In the hands of the chosen few
WOMEN:
John Quincy Adams says…
Adams:
If my dad was President
Then I should get to be President too.
WOMEN:
Henry Clay says…
CLAY:
I'll make you President
If you make me Secretary of State.
WOMEN:
Alexis de Tocqueville says something in French
That none of us can translate.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo.
All you educated people
You can talk of liberty.
But do you really want the American people
Running their own country?

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
John Quincy Adams says…

ADAMS
If we steal the election
Then Jackson will surely cave
WOMEN:
John Calhoun says…
CALHOUN
You can be President if you don't
Try to take away my slaves.
WOMEN
Henry Clay says…
CLAY
You'll get Missouri
'Cause I know how to play real politik.
WOMEN
James Madison said something prescient about this
But he was kind of a dick.
Let's dance!

WOMEN & MEN:
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.
Doo doo doo doo doo.

WOMEN:
You can compromise all you want
They're still drunk and smell like pee.
Do you really want America
Run by a man from Tennessee?
John Quincy Adams…

ADAMS
The people are stupid.
WOMEN:
Henry Clay…
CLAY
They can all go rot.

WOMEN:
John Calhoun…
CALHOUN
They're lame.
WOMEN:
Quincy Adams…
QUINCY
They suck!
WOMEN:
Henry Clay…
CLAY
Jackson's a total twat.
WOMEN:
John Calhoun…
CALHOUN
These guys are idiots
But it's Jackson who's a real threat
WOMEN:
I'm sure Michel Foucault would have an opinion
But he hasn't been born yet.

Jackson is a loser…
Jackson is a loser…
Jackson is a loser…
Jackson is a loser…

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
I'm the President!

SONG 7

ROCK STAR

MALE SOLOIST
Washington crossed the Delaware River
Washington acted like a rock star
Washington made America deliver
Washington tried to be a rock star

But all that fame that he had won
It wasn't really any fun
And soon the people started turnin'
Whoa whoa whoa
That boy who couldn't tell a lie

Two terms and then he said goodbye
And Georgie went back to Mt. Vernon

MALE SOLOIST & BAND
Why don't you just shoot me in the head?
'Cause you know I'd be better off dead
If there's really no place in America
For a celebrity of the first rank

MALE SOLOIST
Ladies and gentlemen:
Governor Andrew Jackson!

JACKSON
That's right, mothafuckas!
Jackson's back!

JACKSON
Adams tried to be an America idol
Jefferson tried to be a rock star
Madison tried to make the presidency vital
And James Monroe was a douchebag!

JACKSON & MALE SOLOIST
The story always ends the same
It's hard to handle all that fame
If you don't really have it in ya
Whoa whoa whoa!

JACKSON
There's no place in democracy
For your brand of aristocracy
So take that shit back to Virginia

MALE SOLOIST
Or Massachusetts, biatch!

JACKSON & BAND
Why don't you just shoot me in the head?
'Cause you know I'd be better off dead

If there's really no place in America
For a celebrity of the first rank

BAND
You can't be just a founding father…

JACKSON *(adlibbing)*
Would you like to see my stimulus package?

BAND
When everybody wants you to be their father…

JACKSON
I'm going to fill you with populajism!

BAND
You can't be just a founding father
Cause everybody needs you to be their father…

ALL:
Why don't you just shoot me in the head?
'Cause you know I'd be better off dead
If there's really no place in America
For a celebrity of the first rank (x5)

SONG 8

THE GREAT COMPROMISE

RACHEL:
I always thought I'd live in a house
With a dog and some kids and some slaves
And a mat at the door that said Welcome
And a sign on the fence that says Private Home Don't Enter
And I'd never compromise

I hear you talk and talk
About what you want
The travel the fighting
The pictures in the paper
The killing and campaigning
The sign on your door says
Populism Yea Yea

You tell me not to compromise
You tell me that you'll change
You promise and you promise
But I hear you talk and talk
About what you want
And you get what you want
And you promise and you promise
You promise and you promise

RACHEL
But oh
I'm so through with compromising

I'm so through with compromising

I'm so through with compromising
We have no private life
You give up nothing
I give up everything
You give up nothing
We have no private life
You give up nothing
I give up everything
You give up nothing

BAND
Jackson's back
He's got it going on
Jackson's back
He's got it going on
So vote for Jackson
Vote for Jackson

Vote for Jackson

Vote for Jackson

Vote for Jackson

SONG 9

PUBLIC LIFE

JACKSON
So I see where two roads divide
The public man when his wife has died
And just when everything I wanted was within my grasp
The irony
Yea the irony is killing me

This public life
No private life

And to my wife I make one last vow
I'll give my life to the people now
I'll be the man they need
The one to lead a generation
I'll listen to their voice
With every choice
As we transform this nation

Oh
I'll keep on going
Oh
I'll keep on going
Oh
I'll keep on going

I'm gonna be that guy
It's time to be that guy
I'm gonna take this country back

JACKSON:
The change is coming now
Do you feel it?
It's coming on now
It's coming on now

This is what we've been waiting for
The trail was always leading to this door

CHORUS:
There's nothing left
In this old town
Pick up your life
And move it around
You've got to get down to DC
Pick up your rifle
And make a stand

Jackson's back
He's got in goin' on
Jackson's back
He's got in goin' on

Populism yea yea

Populism yea yea (x3)

SONG 10

CRISIS AVERTED

BAND
Crisis averted
He's taking a stand (yea taking a stand)
And the best part is
Everything he says is right

CITIZEN ONE
My name is Andrew Jackson. And I'm here to speak with you about the future of this incredible country. These are complicated times.

CITIZEN TWO
And today we're gonna need to make some complicated decisions.

CITIZEN THREE
But we're going to make those decisions *together*. I'm promising you transparency, accountability, and open collaboration between you and me.

CITIZEN FOUR
'Cause I'm the people's President and I'm here to be your friend, to be your advocate, to be your voice.

CITIZEN ONE
It's morning again in America–

CITIZEN TWO
And I'm your President.

CITIZEN THREE
I'm your President.

CITIZEN FOUR
I'm your President.

ALL FOUR:
Andrew Jackson!

BAND
I really think
That this will work
We're young
We'll live forever
At least for one more night
My luck will hold this time
It always has before
So I think
I think that this might work

Crisis averted
I'm going alone
(yea going alone)
And the best part is
Everything I say is right

FLORIDA WOMAN
I mean, I think it's a real tragedy that Jackson moved all the Indians from here in Florida.

FLORIDA MAN
Me too. A real tragedy.

FLORIDA WOMAN
And that's why we hesitated to move here. Absolutely. I mean, we didn't want it to seem like we were *endorsing* that kind of behavior.

FLORIDA MAN
No. Of course not. But, then we were like… it is nice that it doesn't snow.

FLORIDA WOMAN
Um, *(Nods her head, solemnly)* yes. It is. *(She looks at him, slightly miffed, then back out)* so, it's like, it's great that he did that. But we definitely *don't* condone it.

BAND
Did you really think
that this would work?
You're fucked
You won't live forever
You're luck won't hold this time
It won't be like before
It's never
It's never
Gonna work

SONG 11
THE SADDEST SONG

JACKSON
When it stops being fun
And your patience is done
And you see being President's hard
With this country before you
That cannot be governed
You find yourself powerless
bloody and scarred

And what is it for
The love of the people
Who is it for
This nation we made
That guy who did everything his way
Where has he gone

So tonight I'll sing the saddest songs
For everyone that I've done wrong
And if you don't know how to sing along
Well I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry but the band plays on

Jeremiah looked down
On the People of Judah
And told them their future
Was bloody and cursed.
When I think of the conflict and change that awaits us
It's gonna be hard but this country come first

ENSEMBLE
Revolutions will come to you
Swift if you let them.
The nation united cannot be undone.
Adams, Jefferson, Washington, Monroe, and Madison
Started a war
But it's hardly begun.

JACKSON
So we'll ruin the bank
And we'll cripple the courts
And we'll take on the world
For America's sake.
We'll take all the land
And we'll take back the country
We'll take and we'll take
And we'll take and we'll take…

And this country I'm making
Cannot be divided.
The will of the people
Won't stand in my way.
How can I tell you
How deeply I'll make them all bleed?

And so I'll sing
The saddest songs
Of enemies
Who did me wrong.

And the war will go on
And on and on
And on and on
And on as long as we need.

SONG 12
SECOND NATURE

BANDLEADER
The grass grows
A prairie
A wilderness
Across a continent.

And we take it.
We clear it out and make it in our image.

The backyards
The driveways
The covered wagons rushing through the high plains
The motels on the canyon…
They make a second nature.

What was it for this country?
The farms and the blood across the prairie?
The nation we become
As we build a second nature.

No no no.
No no no.
The rivers run
And parking lots
The endless endless fields and cities.
We make them
Replace them
With all our dreams of the future.
What was it for?
The swimming pools?
The highways?
The ballgames in the dusk?
On the battlefields?
A time we were so foolish and so young

No no no
No no no
no no no
No no no
No no no no
no no no no

No no no
No no no
no no no no no no

The grass grows.
We take it.
We want it.
It's second nature to us.

SONG 13
THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY

(Lyrics by Samuel Woodworth, Music Anonymous)

BANDLEADER
Ye gentlemen and ladies fair
Who grace this famous city
Just listen if you've time to spare
While I rehearse a ditty
And for the opportunity
Conceive yourself quite lucky
For 'tis not often that you see
a hunter from Kentucky.

ALL
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!

JACKSON
But Jackson, he was wide awake
And was not scared of trifles.
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles.

JACKSON & BAND
He led us down to Cypress Swamp
The ground was low and mucky

JACKSON
There stood John Bull in pomp,

BANDLEADER
And here was old Kentucky!

ALL
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh, Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!

CREDITS

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